

# VICTOR GALBRAITH.

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC BY G. LINLEY.

Victor Galbraith was a Bugler in a company of Volunteer Cavalry; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers that no balls will kill them unless their names be written on them. The old Proverb says "Every bullet has its billet".

VOICE. **ALLEGRETTO.**

PIANO *mf*  
FORTE. *f*

Under the walls of Monte-rey, At daybreak, the bugles be-

*p* *Dim:* *p*

*Rall:* *tempo.*  
-gan to play, ... Victor Galbraith! Victor Galbraith! In the

*f* *p*

(A.H.L. 5489)

mist of the morn - ing damp and gray, These were the words they

*Rall:* *tempo.* *Rall:*  
seem'd to say; Come forth to thy death, Victor Galbraith! Vic - tor Gal - braith!"

*Ritar:* *tempo.* *Ritar:*

**MARZIALE.**  
Forth he came with a martial tread, Firm was his step.

*Rall:*  
rect his head; Vic - tor Galbraith! Victor Galbraith! Vic - tor Galbraith!

*Ritard.*

(A.H.L. 5489)

*tempo.* 3

He who, so well, the bugle play'd could not mistake the words it said; Come

*tempo.*

*Ral.* ... *len* ... *tan* ... *do.* ... *tempo.*

forth to thy death, Vic - tor Galbraith! Vic - tor Gal - braith! He

*Ritar.* ... *dan* ... *do.*

look'd at the earth, he look'd at the sky, He look'd at the files of

*tempo.*

*Rall:*

mus - ket - ry, Vic - tor Galbraith! Vic - tor Galbraith! And he

*f* *Ritard:* *p*

(A.H.L. 5489)

4.

*tempo.* *Rall:*

said, with a stea-dy voice and eye, "Take good aim! I am

*tempo.* *Ritard:*

ready to die!" Thus challenges death Victor Galbraith! Vic - - - tor Gal -

*tempo.* *Rit:*

-braith! *Ritard:* Twelve fiery tongues flash'd

*f* *p* *p*

straight and red, Six leaden balls on their errand sped; Victor Galbraith!

*f*

(A.H.L. 5489)



*Rall.*

Falls to the ground, He falls to the ground, but

*Rit.* *p*

is not dead, His name was not stamp'd on those balls of lead, And they

*Ritard.*

*tempo.* *Rall.* **MARZIALE.**

on - ly scath Victor Galbraith! Vic - tor Gal - braith. Three

*tempo.* *Rit.*

balls are in his breast and brain, But he rises out of the dust a - gain,

(A.H.L. 5489)

*Rall:*

Vic - tor Galbraith! Vic - tor Galbraith! Vic - tor Gal - braith! The

*Ritard:* *f*

*tempo.*

wa - ter he drinks has a bloody stain, "O kill me, and put me

*tempo.*

*Ral . . . . . len . . . . . tan . . . . . do.*

out of my pain!" In his ag - o - ny prayeth Victor Galbraith! Vic - tor Gal -

*Ritar . . . . . dan . . . . . do*

*tempo.*

braith. Forth' dart once more those tongues of flame, And the Bugler has died a

*tempo.*

(A.H.L. 5489)

death of shame, Victor Galbraith! Victor Galbraith!

*Rall:*

*f* *Ritard:* *p*

His soul has gone back to whence it came, And no one answers

*Rit:*

*Rall:* *tempo* *Rall:*

to the name When the Sergeant saith "Victor Galbraith! Vic - - tor Gal -

*tempo.* *Rit:*

- braith!"

*f* *p* *Rit:*

